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Santa Clara University student body

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Vol. VII.

MAY, 1873

No. 4.

THE OWL

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO
MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDITED BY

THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.



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THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

(V. McCLATCHY 1st. Rhetoric.)

IN the year 1058, some merchants of Amalfi—a seaport of Naples—obtained permission from the Sultan (in consideration of a yearly tribute) to build, an asylum for pilgrims in Jerusalem. Accordingly they erected a chapel and an hospital for each sex, to which buildings, in course of time, were added two large chapels; that intended for the men being dedicated to St. John, Patriarch of Alexandria, who flourished during the seventh century.

At first the institution was a secular one, relieving infidel as well as Christian; but Godfrey of Bouillon, and, after him, many other nobles, brought to the Holy Land by the First Crusade, conferred lands in Europe on it; and, numbers of the crusaders joining it, Gerard, its first head, changed

it to a monastic Order, its members binding themselves thenceforth to obedience, poverty, chastity, and the care of the sick throughout Palestine. The dress of the new Order was a black gown with an eight-pointed cross of white stuff on the left shoulder. In 1113, Pope Paschal II., formally sanctioned the change, conferring at the same time special privileges on all members of the Order.

On the death of Gerard, Raymond de Puy, was unanimously elected as his successor. He had strong military tastes, and soon proposed, that the members, in addition to their other vows, should take that of carrying arms in defence of their religion. Such a proposal was in exact accordance with the sentiments of those days, and was therefore unhesitatingly

accepted; so that the Hospitallers became thenceforward a military as well as a religious Order. Soon after this they became so popular, and the desire to join them so general, that they decided to make the laws of entrance much more stringent. They were consequently remodelled, and so arranged that only members of the highest and noblest families of Europe could hope for admission.

A late historian gives us an excellent idea of the Order in the following words. He says:

"Having been originally organized for charitable purposes only, it successively received the character of a religious, republican, military and aristocratic institution. It must be considered as religious, since every member took the three vows of chastity, obedience and poverty; it was republican, since by the original constitution of the Order, their chief was always selected from among themselves by their own nomination; it was military, since two of the three classes, into which it was divided, were constantly armed, and waged an unceasing war with the infidel; and it was aristocratic, since none but the first class had any share in the legislative and executive power." From this we may obtain a clear idea of what the "Knights Hospitallers of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem" really were.

As they received recruits in large numbers from all parts of Europe, it was found convenient and indeed necessary to make some classification of the knights, who were accordingly divided into "*Languages*,"—there being one "Language" each for England, France, Provence, Auvergne, Germany, Italy and Arragon. For each of the seven there was a separate code of laws and instructions, binding only on the knights of the Language for which it had been drawn up.

The fame of the Order continuing to increase, it spread so widely, and had, in various countries, so many friends ready and anxious to bestow lands and goods upon it, that the executive of the Order determined to establish "Commanderies", where contributions might be received, and recruits instructed till required for service in the Holy Land. In England, the first Commandery was endowed in 1130 by *Jordan Briset*, at Clerkenwell, Middlesex.

Throughout the Crusades the Hospitallers fought gallantly, under their brave leaders, in behalf of the Holy Land; and whenever they did so, they contributed in no small degree towards the victory. But their ardour could do but little good; for the Crusaders, who should have overlooked all petty jealousies in the pursuit of a common object, fought and quarrelled among themselves.

Twice was the Order nearly annihilated; once in the battle of Tiberias, and again at Gaza, where that of the Knights Templars almost shared its fate. But still it throve,—kept in life by the crusaders, who were constantly joining it—while at the same time it grew immensely rich, from the contributions that poured in from every quarter.

Despite the heroic bravery of the Knights on the battle-field, they greatly disgraced themselves by their constant bickerings with the Templars. Though, indeed, when the latter sustained a crushing defeat (in 1237) the Hospitallers hastened to avenge the insult, it was more because their own reputation might suffer, than that they retained any real compassion for their fellow knights. The two Orders, indeed, were ever rivals and enemies; the Hospitallers striving to uphold Imperial interests, and the Templars being devoted to the Pope. More than once did they imbrue their hands in each others blood; and so fierce was their enmity, that having (in 1257) brought their differences to the arbitrament of battle, the Hospitallers who were victorious, allowed scarcely a Templar to escape their swords.

After the fall of Jerusalem, the knights established themselves at *Margat*, while the female branch of the Order returned to Europe.

Again, on the fall of Acre, were they obliged to retire before the

infidels; this time, going to Limisso in Cyprus. Here originated their naval character. Their vessels, which were used to convey pilgrims to Palestine, being repeatedly attacked by the Saracens, it became a necessity that the knights should be able to protect them; and thus in a short time, they became as distinguished for their skill in naval engagements as they had formerly been for bravery on land.

It was during their residence here that their already superabundant wealth was increased by the lands and monies of the Knights Templars, which Order had just been abolished by an edict of the Pope.

In 1309 they seized the island of Rhodes, and fortified it in such a manner that it resisted, for two centuries, every attack of the infidels; on which account they became known as *the Knights of Rhodes*.

In 1480 they sustained that memorable siege which has immortalized the name of their Grand Master, Peter D'Aubusson. Mahomet, then Sultan of Turkey, exasperated by the repeated losses which the Order had inflicted on him, sent his best generals with a large army to besiege the place. But the fierce efforts of the infidels were opposed by astonishing deeds of bravery on the part of the Christians; and the besiegers found themselves everywhere repulsed by the devoted Hospitallers,

under their indomitable Grand Master. Still, however, the Moslem cannon hurled forth their messengers of destruction, until the walls were little better than a mass of crumbling ruins. "Now," thought the Sultan's general, "now is the time for an assault!" And his troops spared no efforts to make this—their decisive attack—successful. They fought nobly, and might have conquered had they opposed any other than D'Aubusson and his intrepid knights; but as it was, every attempt they made to scale the walls ignominiously failed; the Grand Master, in spite of numerous wounds, persisted in keeping his post of danger. Seeing that he could not shake the firmness of the city's brave defenders, the renegade Palæologus, and his army, at length retired to their ships, and set sail for Constantinople.

Again, in 1522, was Rhodes besieged: this time, by Soliman II. Again were the old scenes enacted; again did the knights and their Grand Master, Villiers de l'Isle Adam—a worthy successor of D'Aubusson—shed their blood in defence of their beloved home. But this time all was in vain. They fought until they were reduced to a mere handful of grim, half clothed warriors, and then only capitulated on the most favorable terms. The sad remnant of the gallant brotherhood retired to Italy, leaving the fruitful island

which had been their home for 213 years, in the hands of the infidel.

They might now have sunk into oblivion, had not the Emperor Charles V., touched with compassion for their unmerited misfortunes, conferred on them, in perpetuity, the islands of Malta and Gozo, (A.D. 1530).

They immediately took possession of their new home; and, having recruited their numbers from the first families of Europe, fortified the former of the two islands in even a stronger and more skilful manner than they had fortified Rhodes. In their rocky fastness they set at defiance the power of the Turks; and again the world heard their valor praised by every mouth: and they truly deserved their name, "Knights of Malta."

In 1565, Soliman the Great, who had driven them from Rhodes, besieged their new stronghold; but the siege only added new renown to their already illustrious name.

However, their fortifications were, in a great measure destroyed; and as they chose rather to found a new city than rebuild the old one, a site was chosen offering far better natural protection than the former. Here they built fortifications which were universally acknowledged to be the strongest in Europe. They now lived in comparative peace, enjoying the highest esteem of the Christian world, for two centuries and a half; but

having drawn down upon themselves the enmity of France,—then (1798) under the Revolutionists—they were forcibly ousted by Napoleon Bonaparte, who, on his way to Egypt with a large army, stormed and captured the city.

The Order was then placed

under the protection of Russia, the Czar Paul being made Grand Master. But since the capture of Malta they have maintained but a shadowy existence, “the last relic,” as their chronicler says, “of the age of the crusades and of chivalry.”

EVENING.

(YUSEF, Mental Philosophy.)

O'er hill and valley gentle Even throws
 Her soft-hued mantle; shadows upward creep
 To Sierra's peaks; and roseate heaven glows,
 Till the brown hills and vales and forests sink to sleep.
 Sweet Even all the life of nature stills;
 The wavering fading light begins to die;
 The drowsy day-god dreams behind the hills;
 And heavenly spirits paint the dream o'er flood and sky.
 The day is ended. To the dusky woods
 The birds of song have winged their sleepy flight;
 And rippling brooks, and slow wide-sweeping floods
 Murmur a melancholy chant to solemn night.

THOUGHTS ABOUT GERMANY.

(J. P. ROWE.)

IT is the custom with "practical" nations to treat with scant reverence any abstruse science that does not pay for its study in some obvious manner; and for this reason metaphysics is in very poor repute both in America and England.

Men who have cultivated this field of knowledge in the countries above mentioned, have had to look elsewhere for a proper appreciation of their work. Such writers as Berkeley, Locke, Hume, Hobbes, and Hamilton, are better known and more read in France and Germany than at home.

But Germany is *the* nation, of modern times, that has devoted herself most unreservedly to this science; with so little apparent result, however, that John Bull has ridiculed her mercilessly, time and time again; and certainly some of her philosophers were not inapt subjects for satire—*Fichte*, for instance, when he asked his pupils "to think the wall"—and *Hegel*, when he complained "that only one man in Germany understood

philosophy, and even he did not understand it!"—and again, *Kant*, spending seventy years of his life in trying to find out the difference between "reason" and "understanding."

No wonder the bulk of the English nation failed to discover the good of such lives, and represented the German philosopher as *a long haired man, sitting at table, and smoking a long pipe, and having before him a tall mug of lager beer, while he evolved camels out of his own internal consciousness*. No wonder they insisted that the professor's sole recreation was a little sword exercise with a "Herr Professor" of the opposite school of thinking, and that the marks which the combatants left on each others' countenances, were the only practical outcome of their philosophies.

The synchronism of the intellectual culture of these metaphysicians with the backward state of the country in general, was a puzzle to all historical students.

On going into a Teutonic University town, we were sure to find

some of the first of living scientific men, philosophers, linguists, and scholars, with the boldest neologists in Europe. The professor of metaphysics would brush away the traditional basis for the sanctities of belief with the calmness of a man who was doing a work of every day insignificance. The professor of history would quietly announce such political or ecclesiastical doctrines as might make the hair of a noble or a bishop stand on end. The educated men had De Tocqueville at their fingers' ends, and their arguments would start from the assumption that the future of the world belonged to the Democracy, that all hereditary castes were doomed, that for good or evil the spirit of feudalism was vanishing from the world. Yet when the attentive student passed out of the professorial halls, he seemed to take a plunge back into the middle ages. Enlightenment had not shown its face in the country districts, and the peasantry appeared to have as little civic power as if they were living two centuries ago. The State or the Junker kept the peace, imposed taxes, ruled the parishes, and did every work that was public. And when the astonished traveler asked why the Junkers were thus favored, the reply was that they had the right to prefix their names with "Von". Custom had given certain privileges of rank to the nobles, and these privileges had been left untouched.

ed. "Vons" looked with unqualified contempt on all classes which had not the right to flaunt the patrician particle. Learning, intellect, fame in letters, riches, all counted as nothing in the eyes of a Junker when he was choosing his society, or defending his political privileges. So strange was the contrast between University Radicalism and Teuton feudalism, so amazing was the fact that the most highly educated nation in Europe should maintain the most exclusive of aristocracies, that a French wit once asked whether the German brain was not made up of two parts, one to think and the other to act, both vigorous, but divided by such a barrier that the one never knew what the other was doing.

But in spite of ridicule, the best minds of Germany continued for many years to devote themselves entirely to the most abstruse studies, particularly to that of Metaphysics; and it is only within the last ten years that the nation awoke out of its deep dreams of science, and arising, "like a giant refreshed with wine," suddenly appeared as a very prominent actor on the world's stage. It has ever since progressed at such a terrible rate of speed that it is very hard to say where the gigantic being evoked by that second Frankenstein, Herr Von Bismarck, is going to stop. Already the young giant is the first warrior of Europe, and he bids

fair to be also its first merchant and manufacturer.

But what has *caused* these people to spring, fully armed and equipped, into life, like Minerva from Jupiter's head? "*Dreams*," says Herr Gneist, in a lecture to his pupils at the Berlin University! "It is precisely to her much abused idealism that Germany owes her greatness."

And most probably the Professor is right, when he attributes the strength of the German brain, which works its patient way through every subject presented to it, to the long and severe training it has undergone in its search after the unknowable. The Teutonic mind by being continually turned over upon itself, and ploughed into deep furrows by thought, has become so enlarged and enriched that it has reaped a splendid harvest, although of another kind than was expected.

But Herr Von Bismarck cannot stop the ball he has set in motion; and the liberalism of the units he has bound together is already beyond his control. A bill has just passed the Lower House to do away with the old rights of the *squireen* nobility called "junkers," of whom Bismarck is himself one. This class of hereditary "vons" have "police rights over their estates, and virtually hold the local assemblies in their hands, leaving the present proprietors hardly any power to determine how they shall

be taxed. Hitherto the junker has been everything and the rate-payer nothing; and now that the bill has passed the Lower House the Upper House refuses it, and Herr Von Bismarck himself is likely to be called upon to deal the death blow to his own class, through the patrician division of the Berlin Assembly.*

But notwithstanding this transitional state of things, and the uncertainty which it entails, Prussia has a most prosperous budget this year. She has a large surplus, quite independently of the tribute drawn from France, and she is moreover possessed of singularly honest and efficient, though miserably underpaid, civil servants.

And here again we can trace the influence of those great and unmercenary thoughts which have so long been instilled into the Teutonic mind; for Prussia, surely, owes it to some such mental ennoblement, that her officials do not take to those unlawful means of increasing their salaries, which are practised by their fellow-workers in some other enlightened and "Christian" countries.

Owing to the increasing prosperity of Prussia, the style of living is becoming more luxurious, and every article of food is rising in

* Since the above was written the prophecy has been realized, and the creation by the Prussian King of twenty-five new peers for that special purpose, has ensured the passage of the Bill.

value: and Bismarck, with the acuteness natural to him, and animated by the wish to attract the best talent to the service of his country, will devote next year's surplus to the increase of public salaries, "for good management in the collection and distribution of her finances, is the secret of the success with which Prussia has consolidated her authority."

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the foregoing was written, events have certainly supplied a singular commentary upon it; government officials of a high class having been detected in fraudulent transactions almost equal in enormity to some of the second or third rate frauds with which we are so familiar on this side of the Atlantic. I maintain, however, that

these are, after all, *exceptional cases*; and that my high opinion of the generality of Prussian officials is not misplaced. At the same time, the luxury to which I have referred is doubtless beginning to corrupt the nation—(the defalcations in question are a proof of it)—and it may well be feared that, just as the overbearing arrogance of the government, has already eliminated every principle of toleration from the Prussian laws, so the luxury and corruption of the people—*another* direct result of the French war—will eliminate from the nation itself those high mental qualities of which I have spoken; until in the end both Prussia and Prussianized Germany will have to exchange the song of "Væ victis!" for that of "Væ victoribus!"

MOUNT HOOD.

(YU-EEF, Mental Philosophy.)

BEYOND my native vales and forests wild,
 When first my childish eyes did wondering roam,
 They climbed with awe thy gorges undefiled.
 And now, with joy, once more
 I stand where erst arose my early home,
 And scan thy beauties o'er.

Thou wert a part of all my childish life:
 My boyish dreams were pictured on thy snows;
 I watched with anxious eyes the thunder strife,
 Until the din was o'er;
 Then hailed with joy thy noble peak, that rose
 The same for ever more.

O grand old Mount! How oft my weary eyes,
 Fatigued with viewing man's vain piles of stone
 And crumbling earth, have turned to see thee rise
 Above where mortals trod,
 With thy star-kissing peak, sublime, alone,
 A monument of God!

How weird thine outlines loom at early morn,
 Ere yet the sun hath risen o'er thy head;
 When, chasing night, the faint light, westward borne,
 Its God doth glorify;
 And thou dost lift thy profile rough and red
 Against the purple sky!

Thou first art bathed in sweet Aurora's light,
 And first thou art to greet the coming day;
 Before the new-formed clouds of heavenly white
 In golden robes are dressed,—
 Before the star of morn with fading ray
 Wanes in the cold, gray west.

And when at eve, the oval disk of light
Sinks down to rest upon its bed of spray,
Around thy pure, serene, and sacred height
The colors of God's bow,
With never ending, ever changing play,
Paint thine eternal snow.

From wooded western hills the shadows thrown
Fall dark and sad o'er towns and vales, and floods ;
The willows whisper and the cedars moan
Their plaint to mournful night ;
But thou still rulest o'er thy world of woods,
In heaven's sweetest light.

Day's latest ray doth kiss thy virgin snow
Which blushes crimson on the eastern sky ;
And broad Columbia rolling far below
Throws back the lovely light
To ruby-tinted clouds, that, soar on high,
To press thy bosom white.

And now, at last, slow-creeping night doth climb
Above the satrap mountains at thy base,—
Those giants dwarfed beside thy height sublime—
And still steals up and on,
Until the stars are mirrored on thy face,
And day's last charm has flown.

But thou art grandest when the blackening storm
Roars horror 'round thy mount-supported base,
And thunderbolts against thy rugged form—
The mad sky-warriors—dash ;
And still unshaken is thine awful face,
Above the lightning's flash.

There rests on thy pale brow no vaporous crown :
Above the highest, purest cloud it breaks ;
And, from that sunlit region, thou look'st down,
And view'st the battle o'er,
Whose thunder wild a thousand mountains shakes
That echo back the roar.

Long centuries of centuries, old Hood,
 Erect hast thou beheld the flight of time,
 And watched the ocean all the wide earth flood
 Till thou didst rise alone,
 Above the darksome waste that rolled sublime,
 And sent to heaven its moan.

Thy shadows fell upon the myriad throng
 Of southward-marching peoples of the past—
 Horde pressing horde, race following race along :—
 And our proud nation too,
 With all its strength, will fade away at last
 And vanish from thy view.

And yet, my Mount, thou evermore wilt stand,
 Still awful, though still beautiful, as when
 Thou first didst leave thy great Creator's hand ;
 And still wilt proudly loom.
 Deathless above the fleeting tribes of men,
 Till universal doom.

ECHOES FROM A NEST OF OWLETS.

F O R T Y .

(BY THE FIFTH ENGLISH CLASS.)

“**F**ORTY! What a queer subject to write about!” exclaimed a little owlet, who in vain scratched his head for an idea.

“It would be hard to find thirty-nine drier ones,” chimed in another.

“I don’t know how to begin,” said a third, puzzled, vacant-faced brother.

“Eight times five are forty, and four times ten are forty, and twice twenty are forty,” added an owlet upon whose cranium the bump of numbers is said to figure more prominently than that of taste.

“Dry up, you noisy fellow! You don’t know nothing but the multiplication table,” sang out another.

“It is the funniest thing out,” said a huge owlet who measures just forty inches in high-heeled boots.

“Ha, ha, fellers! I have it,” yelled out a little one from Oregon. “*Eureka!* Fellers! Mr. — has made a mistake. You know he teaches arithmetic; and I will bet a pie that he has given us part of some example he had prepared for his other class.”

“That’s it. That’s it!” answered several.

“Tut, tut, you foolish, little fledgelings!” uttered a grave and dignified owlet: “keep quiet or every one may get forty lines to learn. Let us wait till class hour; for I am sure Mr. — will tell us what he means by giving us ‘Forty’ as a subject for composition.”

“Well said!” echoed forty voices; and quiet and order reigned again in No. 58, the owlets’ home.

No one dared oppose this sage advice; so we awaited with throbbing hearts the approaching class hour, when Mr. — would give us our daily meal of verbs and nouns, subjects and predicates, phrases and classes, spicily seasoned with sundry scoldings, and innumerable threatenings of lines and *Letter “A.”*

The hour came and class began. All was hushed in silence. The owlets looked anxiously into the teacher’s face. No one had brought his composition. Mr. — read this in the countenance of each; so he said in a severe tone, “Let every one who has no composition hold up his hand.” Up went

every little hand, and down went every little heart. For a moment Mr. ——'s face wore a displeased and stern aspect; but soon a smile drove away the cloud from his brow, and he said, "Boys, I was just going to scold you for not bringing your compositions into class; but as I neglected to give you any directions, I will pardon you all this time."

"This is a very fine subject; very fine indeed; that is," continued he, smiling, "if you know anything about it; otherwise it is dull and meaningless. And as you are all beginners, I must, in justice, give you a few hints."

The owlets became still as death. They sat motionless with their big eyes fixed on the teacher; whilst their open mouths bespoke their rapt attention.

This wonderful docility encouraged Mr. ——, whose heart began to swell; and, I am not quite sure, but that he wiped away a tear from the corner of his eye, as he began to speak to his wondering owlets of the number *forty*.

We shall relate for you dear OWL some of his observations; for he often urges us to write something and send it to you.

"The theme then puzzles you my dear owlets"—(thus he began)—"and many among you cannot understand why I gave it to you?"

"I shall clear up the second difficulty first."

"I gave this subject because I

noticed that the number *forty* had been connected with many events in sacred history, and that it seems to be a number full of mystery; and as I desired one of you to write something in regard to some of those events, I thought it would be well to prepare a paper upon the number itself, and send both to our *Father Owl*.

"Now for the first mentioned difficulty: *the theme itself is a mystery to you!*"

"This does not surprise me; for there is something truly mysterious about this number *forty*. When you shall have perused the Sacred Scriptures, and the history of the Christian Church, you will be struck by the frequent recurrence of certain numbers; and among them you will find the number *forty* very conspicuous. To-day I will point out to you some of the events with which it is connected; and I am certain that you will agree that I do not say too much when I call it a very mysterious number."

"Many centuries ago, the learned St. Jerome, who translated the Bible into the Latin language, called it a number denoting punishment and affliction; and it was not without grave reasons that he did so, as the following facts will prove:

"During *forty* days and *forty* nights the flood-gates of the heavens were opened, and a wicked world perished in an awful deluge

of water.

"Jonas approached Nineve with that threatening message from on high: '*Forty* days yet and Nineve shall perish!'

"*Forty* days did Ezechiel lie on his right side.

"And before Elias approached God on Mount Horeb, he prepared himself by a fast which lasted *forty* days.

"The chosen people wandered *forty* years in the desert, in punishment for their disobedience and other sins.

"For *forty* days and *forty* nights the Son of the Living God fasted and prayed in the desert, to teach us the glory and the necessity of penance and prayer. And it is in commemoration of this that the Church established the Lenten fast of *forty* days.

"But we do not find the number always connected with sorrow and sackcloth and ashes; it is seen amidst the thunder and terrors of Mount Sinai; it marks the dawn of peace to fallen man; and it is encircled with the splendors of the Risen Jesus.

"Moses remained *forty* days and *forty* nights enveloped in the clouds and the fire on Sinai, in the presence of God; and having broken the tablets whereon God had written the law, he re-ascended the burning mountain, and remained another *forty* days and *forty* nights.

"When the cycle of *forty* cen-

turies was completed, the Holy One was born in the stable of Bethlehem; and when that Divine Child was *forty* days old, he was presented in the Temple.

"After that same Divine Jesus had, by His own power, raised Himself to life from the tomb, He dwelt with His Apostles, teaching and comforting them, during the *forty* days—commonly called "*The Great Forty Days*"—which preceded His glorious Ascension to that Kingdom which He has prepared for those who love Him.

"I have now said well nigh enough about this number. I will add, however, a few more remarks connected with it.

"Othniel, the first Judge from Juda's Tribe, sat *forty* years; and Gideon, who performed so many miracles as charming as they were wonderful, ruled the chosen people of God for *forty* years. Heli, the High Priest and Judge, governed the same for *forty* years; and Samuel guided them for twenty years alone, and for twenty more in conjunction with Saul, making in all *forty* years.

"David, that King after God's own heart, reigned for the space of *forty* years; and his son, Solomon, the Wise Man, occupied his father's throne another *forty*.

"For *forty* years, Moses was a nobleman of Pharaoh's royal court; during a second *forty* he dwelt in the mountains of Arabia; and for the last *forty* years of his life, he

guided and governed the children of Israel in their unparalleled pilgrimage through the desert.

"Now, my dear owlets," continued Mr. —, I have told you enough to furnish you with material for your compositions; and hence I shall say no more about this number, save this: I hope to receive *forty* splendid compositions from you."

Each little owlet bowed his head and showed the white of his eyes to the enraptured gaze of Mr. —, in token of assent to his request.

This mute but eloquent response well nigh overpowered the sensitive nature of poor Mr. —.

"Ah! I knew it would be so!" said he, with emotion. "I thank you very much for your good will. But now, lest I forget it, I must tell you a bit of news.

"A proposition has been made to me to allow the boys of all the junior classes—that is to say of all the classes below the Third Eng-

lish—to join their voices with yours in the monthly "Echoes" which resound through the pages of our Father Owl. I have agreed to it; and henceforth their notes, some of them sweeter and stronger than ours, will be heard in charming unison with our own, under the title of 'Echoes from a Nest of Owlets.'

"Your nest is large, and your hearts are larger; so I know you will not be offended at the arrangements I have made. Besides, we shall be benefited by it; and moreover, Father Owl approves it. And therefore it is settled."

We gave our silent and reverential approval to all this; and henceforth the "Echoes from a Nest of Owlets" will issue from the boys of the various Classes referred to.

But now I shall make room for the owlet alluded to above, who has something to say, more in particular about the number *forty*.

THE FORTY MARTYRS OF SEBASTE.

(JOSEPH C. SANCHEZ, Fifth English.)

A VERY memorable persecution long of Christians took place under Licinius, Roman Emperor of the East.

This Emperor had been on good terms with the Christians for a

long time; and, unlike his predecessors, had never given them any molestation; for he was afraid of Constantine, Emperor of the West, who was very friendly towards the Christians, and who had al-

ways respected their rights. In his heart, however, Licinius hated them very much, and when, at last war broke out between himself and Constantine, he gave full scope to his revengeful feelings, and had many of them put to death, among whom were the bishops, St. Blaise and St. Basil. Vast multitudes of less notable Christians also perished at this time; many women and even little children giving their lives and blood for Christ's dear sake.

But among those glorious heroes of the cross, the *Forty Soldiers of Sebaste* are truly remarkable; and the story of their death is well worth the perusal of every lover of virtue and courage.

These men were very intimate friends, and all of them belonged to the same province. They were Christians, and had a singular love for each other. They were true soldiers, and had fought hard and well for their Emperor; and they were ever ready to do the same again when it was not against their religion.

They could not conceal the fact that they were Christians; though they would not deny their faith, or ever do anything unworthy of Christian soldiers. The mere fact, however, that they were Christians, was a crime against the State; and they were consequently arrested and brought before a very cruel governor named *Agricola*, for trial.

This man pretended to be their friend, and, at first, spoke very kindly to them, praising them for their warlike deeds. He told them that he had heard a great many people extolling their courage and gallant conduct, and that he was very glad to hear such splendid accounts of their bravery.

But the Christians were not blinded by these bland words. They understood their import and despised them.

They soon found that *Agricola's* pretended friendship was nothing more than a cunningly devised lure to entrap them, and that he hoped by this semblance of kindness to get them to sacrifice to the idols.

He next told them that the Emperor also had heard of their valor, and that he was very much pleased with their heroic deeds, and intended to reward them munificently; therefore they should not lose any time in sacrificing to the gods, so as to please him the more.

But the Christian soldiers were not so weak as to be overcome with fine words and promised rewards. They paid no attention to his praises and despised his promises. They refused to sacrifice to the false gods, and replied to *Agricola*: "If, as you say, we have fought so bravely for the Emperor of the Earth, what do you think we shall do, now that we are called to fight for the Emperor of Heaven? You may be sure that we shall fight even more

bravely than we are in the habit of doing; and that we shall not lay down our arms so long as there is any breath in our bodies."

Agricola flew into a rage at this, and abused the brave men very badly, saying that he would very soon make them abandon their Christian heresy. He then ordered them to be imprisoned.

But the soldiers of the Lord were accustomed to brave danger and to suffer hardships; and the words of the heathen had no other effect on them than to cause them joy at the prospect of suffering for Jesus' name. The more they were maltreated the more they loved our Lord, and the more they desired to give their lives for His sake. They were put in prison; but they thought this a *favor* rendered them by the Governor: such was their love for our Lord Jesus Christ. They wished to die for their religion; but they would never sacrifice to dumb idols, which were made of wood or stone.

As soon as they entered the jail, they knelt down, and prayed to Jesus that he would help them to overcome all the temptations which were awaiting them. He heard their prayer; and His Sacred Image appeared to them and said, "You have begun very well; take care now that you go on well, and persevere to the end: for the crown of glory is given to those only who fight well to the very end."

They passed the night in prayer,

singing hymns and psalms.

After having remained in prison one week, they were again taken before the cruel Governor, Agricola; who spoke to them as before. He tried once more to deceive them by words of friendship. But having been strengthened by the vision of the Lord, they were firmer than before. Their Captain also was present, and joined with Agricola in trying to shake their constancy; but both failed to make any impression on these lovers of Jesus, either by blows and injuries or by flattering promises. The Christian soldiers remained as firm as rocks. A second time they were sent back to prison; when Jesus again appeared, consoling and encouraging them. This visit caused them such joy, that they spent all the night in singing psalms and giving Him thanks. Among others they repeated the 122nd Psalm, so often said by King David.

At last, the cruel Agricola, seeing that it was useless trying to persuade such strong Christians to abandon their God, resolved to put them all to death.

There was a lake near the town of Sebaste, which was about four or five feet deep; and, as it was now mid-winter, the water was very cold and used often to freeze during the night. The Forty Soldiers were brought before the magistrate Agricola, who sentenced them to be stripped of their clothes and placed in the freezing

lake. He also ordered a warm bath to be kept in readiness for him who would give up his religion and leave the freezing water.

The soldiers did not wait to be stripped of their clothes by their enemies; but took them off themselves, and went into the cold lake: so ardent was their desire to suffer for Him who had shed all His precious blood for them.

The night was colder than usual; so that the heroes had to fight bravely. The guard, who stood by the flaming fire, and who were wrapped in heavy woollen clothes, could hardly keep themselves warm, the cold was so intense; and as they chatted around the fire they laughed at the poor soldiers in the freezing lake. Night wore on, but not a soldier stirred from the spot. Finally, all the guards fell asleep, save one; who alone remained, to watch that noble band, more willing to die than live.

All at once he saw a brilliant light in the clear starry heavens; and as he gazed upwards, he saw angels bringing in their hands thirty-nine crowns. He was surprised to see only *thirty-nine* crowns; for he knew that there were forty martyrs in the lake. The mystery, however, was soon unravelled for him: for the next moment, he heard one of the martyrs calling out to him to take him out of the water, because he could not stand the cold any longer.

The guard went to the edge of

the lake and helped him out. He was brought to the great fire at which he warmed himself, and was then put into the warm bath. But he had no sooner entered the bath than he was seized with a terrible pain, and in a few minutes expired, with a fearful look of horror, and an appalling shriek of despair. Oh, what a change! He who could not endure the cold of the lake plunged his soul into eternal fire; and for a momentary relief, sacrificed the martyr's crown, and the eternal glory of Paradise.

The guard knew, now, why he had seen only *thirty nine* crowns; and, all at once, he felt an ardent desire spring up in his heart to win the fortieth crown; and so he quickly undressed himself and plunged into the lake, at the same time saying, "I am a Christian!"

When morning dawned, the pagans saw the martyrs, not dead, as they expected they would have been, but still alive. They dragged them out, and were surprised to see among them one of the guards who had been put to watch them. The rest of the guards reported this to Agricola; but he treated it as a foolish tale, and ordered them to take the Christians from the lake, and first to break their legs, and then to beat them to death with clubs.

The command was literally fulfilled.

During their sufferings the martyrs ceased not their prayers and

hymns.

When all were supposed to be dead, the executioners threw their bodies into a cart to be drawn away to the place of burial; but in taking up the body of the youngest, they found him to be alive; so they left him on the ground, hoping that his constancy would fail, and that he might finally deny Christ. Vain hopes! Little did they know his love for Christ.

At this juncture the mother of the young martyr came up. God, whose ever watchful eye is always on His servants, did not forsake this youth in the hour of need. He sent the young man's own mother to encourage him. She took her loving son in her arms, and spoke to him words of comfort and consolation; and as the cart on which the other martyrs' bodies had been thrown was some distance in advance, she followed it with her son in her arms speaking to him of the crown that awaited him in heaven. "My dearest child," she said, "how happy shall I be if I see thee die for Jesus' sake! Pluck up thy courage, and stand firm to the end; for the angel who brought thy crown from heaven, is waiting to give it to thee at the gates of Paradise. Suffer then the little that still remains to make thee a happy martyr, and me a happy mother. Other mothers weep for their children when they die, but I can only rejoice with thee; because I know that eternal glory is

awaiting thee. I can only pray thee to expect me in heaven, and to make intercession to God for me, who once brought thee forth into this transitory life, and who now desires to bring thee forth a second time, by martyrdom, into eternal life!"

The youth looked up into his mother's face, smiled, and expired. She then ran up to the cart, and into it threw the dead body of her son; nor did she retire until she beheld it reduced to ashes with the others.

The glory of these martyrs is spread throughout the world; and it is exceedingly great in heaven. Their example should encourage us to overcome the difficulties and obstacles which daily beset our path heavenward.

I know of no better way to close this short sketch than to place before my readers the beautiful prayer said by these glorious martyrs, and which was answered so miraculously by our Saviour.

Thus they prayed:
 "Forty have we entered on the battle: let us, O Lord, receive forty crowns; and suffer not our number to be broken. The number is an honored one; for Thou didst fast forty days, and the divine law was given to the world after the same number of days was observed. Elias, too, sought God by a forty days' fast, and was permitted to see Him."

THE GYPSIES.

(W. DAVIS, 4th English.)

EARLY in the fifteenth century, a strange people, a race of idle vagabonds, began to swarm over the different countries of Europe, each of which had a different name for them.

They are supposed to have appeared first in Germany and Italy, whence they quickly spread over the surrounding countries.

There is no certainty about their origin. If we may believe some authors, they were vagrants that had come from Eastern Asia, having been expelled thence by Timour, in 1309; and, indeed, the similarity of their languages to those of the East, supports that belief. Others, however, deem them to have come originally from Egypt, whence the name "Gypsy" appears to be derived. It would seem according to these, that they were a band of rebels, banished by Sultan Selim, about the year 1517.

They appeared in England towards the close of the fifteenth century. Their thieving disposition, and their remarkable capacity for lying, soon made them objects of disgust to the English; and in a short time they became so great a nuisance, that several laws were

passed against them. At first they were simply banished, so far as the law could banish them, from the country; but that availed nothing: for they not only remained but continued to thrive there as before.

Alarmed at their increasing numbers, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth passed stricter laws against these "vagabonds and rogues", as they were called. But they were accustomed to persecution, and paid but little more attention to these laws than they had done to the former.

Their fortunes in France, Spain and Germany, were not more favorable. No sooner had they set foot on the soil of any of these countries than penal statutes were enacted against them.

Though they were banished, so far as the enactment of laws for that purpose could banish them, from every corner of Europe, and though many of them were executed, yet these strollers went on increasing in numbers, and spreading, as time progressed, over a wider and wider extent of country. It is said that in Spain alone, before the year 1800, there were more than one hundred and twenty thousand of them; but now their

number is considerably reduced, and they amount only to forty thousand. The whole European continent is supposed to contain, now, about seven hundred thousand Gypsies.

They still retain the same filthy habits, and are marked by the same swarthy complexion which characterized them on their first appearance in Europe. Their faces are always dirty and greasy; for they never touch them with water. Nor are they very particular about their dress; for most of their time they go in rags. The men are somewhat darker than the women, have a lazy, sneaking look about them, and do but very little work.

It is very seldom that a Gypsy maiden marries outside of her own tribe.

When a man wants a wife, he chooses the one whom he thinks most skilled in stealing, for it is the women's duty to supply the family with food, and, like the squaws of the American Indians, to do all the drudgery. The principal arts practised among the Gypsies—and these they learn to perfection—are *fortune-telling* and *stealing*. The child begins to take his lessons in these as soon as he can walk. His mother and father take him with them on their expeditions; and when the time comes for him to show how much he has profited by their instruction, he receives a few directions, and is sent out "on his own hook." On

his return, if he has been successful, he is of course praised; if unlucky the first time, he is comforted; but should he remain long without success, he is laughed at and scorned. These cases of failure, however, are of very rare occurrence.

As to the art of fortune-telling, they are very great adepts in it.

It is by its means that they obtain entrance to many a place to which otherwise they would never be admitted; and thus they gain the greater part of their money. In summer they go barefoot; and in winter a piece of rag, wrapped around the foot, takes the place of a shoe.

Their power of endurance is very great. In summer they sleep in the open air, and in winter in rude huts or tents, and sometimes in caves. It has been observed that though the rain pour down in torrents, or though the ground be covered with snow, they lie down and sleep as soundly as if they were in comfortable beds.

The Gypsies, like the American Indians, are very fond of beads and trinkets, and also of clothes of brilliant colors. It is very pleasing to view a Gypsy encampment at a distance; but if you were to go near it, their filthy habits and vulgar language would soon disgust you.

Each tribe has its regiment of urchins, who seem to be even more expert in the art of stealing than their honorable sires.

The principal officer in a tribe is called a duke, or a lord, or an earl; and sometimes a king; and is generally a despot.

When a theft is committed among the tribe, and the guilty party discovered, the punishment is a good lashing, in the presence of the injured person. The punishment is not for the crime itself, but to make the fellow use a little more cunning the next time he tries it. These lashings are however very rare; for when anything is stolen it is very difficult to discover the thief.

One of the worst habits of the

Gypsies is, that in training their children they use whisky and other strong liquors. At a very early age the Gypsy child is made to drink until he becomes intoxicated; and they laugh to see him stagger about.

We need scarcely add, here that these poor creatures are almost destitute of religious principles; for it follows too evidently, from what we have said of them. May God raise another Xavier to enlighten them, and bring them from the misery in which they are plunged, to the happiness enjoyed by His true children!

SPRING HAS COME.

W. FURMAN, }
M. DONAHUE, } 4th English.

At last rainy and frosty Winter has gone to other countries, and Spring — heavenborn Spring — blesses us with her presence.

The weather is mild. The gray, cold days have given place to bright and sunny ones. The clouds have disappeared, leaving the heavens all pure blue; and instead of the blustering winds of winter, there is a gentle, sweet-scented breeze which keeps us cool and comfortable.

The mountain rivulet, from the thawing of the snow, swells into a beautiful stream, in which the fish sport in glee; while the angler, seated under the refreshing shade of some overhanging oak or willow, fast fills his basket with the pretty trout.

The mountains all covered with verdure, look in the distance as if green velvet carpets were spread over them; and birds which for a long time had forsaken us, now

build their nests in our trees, warbling forth merry songs to welcome Spring. The air is fragrant with the perfume of violets, pinks and roses; and the trees which were for a time shorn by Winter of their foliage, now begin to clothe themselves in all their beauty.

O glorious Spring, we welcome you back again! Since you have come we all feel happy. We go to our studies with much more ardor and zeal; we resort to our games and amusements with far greater pleasure.

Neighbors now greet one another in the morning with a glow of joy on their faces; while but a few weeks ago, all were muffled up and would hardly look at one another.

The young folks can now rove about in the evening, in the mellow light of the bright moon; the ploughboy goes to his work with a light heart; and the young shepherd skips merrily over the hills, and joins the lark in its morning song. All is happiness: even the young lambs, which have grown stronger under the bright sun, are seen gamboling about, frisking and playing with one another.

It makes one's heart beat with joy, to look at the limpid rivulet

winding through the forest, and to watch the fleet deer drinking in the cool water. What prettier sights would you wish to see?

You may now ramble in the meadows and in the forest, and you will find pleasure wherever you go. The children are out "bright and early;" some to their work, some to their amusements. They scatter here and there; and some climb the side of the mountain, whilst others go down into the meadow to play "hide-and-seek."

All is merriment and joy.

The old man that totters along, leaning upon his staff, enjoys the sweets of Spring. He thinks over the days when he was like those little children, and blesses their light hearts. He looks at all the spring flowers, and regards them with delight; thinking, if he were a boy again, how happy he would be.

May you, O bounteous Spring, continue ever to remind us of that eternal Spring, whose enjoyments our heavenly Father will bestow on us, if we shall prove faithful to Him during the winter of this mortal life.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

(R. I. BOWIE, 1st Rhetoric.)

IN olden times there was a town much famed for learned men,
And for women full of wiles,
And for streets with lava tiles,
Which came from the crater moltén.

Although this city's towers were high, Vesuvius rose still higher ;
Within whose bosom gray
You must know that, lurking, lay
A mass of smouldering fire.

Ah, little did the people guess what dangers them o'erhung !
They plotted wicked ends ;
They cheated all their friends ;
They played ; they danced ; they sung.

They wasted thus much precious time, with the greatest unconcern :
Then they seized their hats and staves,
And they ran to see the slaves
Get killed by the lions stern.

And thus their minds were always fill'd with thoughts of love and pleasure :
Slaves were butchers ; slaves were bakers ;
Slaves were tillers of their acres :
But they spent *their* days in leisure.

Long had the Lord His hand withheld, in patience and in sorrow :
But the Messenger of Wrath
Is at length upon his path :
He cometh on the morrow.

The morrow dawned without a cloud to mar their daily sports:
Nor did all Pompeii's chatter,
Though incessant was its patter,
Bring any bad reports.

At noon a rumbling noise was heard; the earth commenced to quake;
The houses all around
Began a dancing to the sound;
And men with fear did shake.

The noise increased, and soon became a dull and heavy sound,
Which thrilled, the waves along,
Till it swelled into a song
That deafened all around.

Peal upon peal resounded now, across both sea and land;
And from out the mountain's top,
On men's heads began to drop
A rain of fire and sand.

The hungry fire, which had slumbered long, like a body in the grave,
Now began to burst apart
All her cerements, and start.
Up from her darksome cave.

On she came like a thing of might, swaying to and fro;
And very soon within her
Jaws sucked saint and sinner;
For they had no where to go.

Stern and staunch was the Roman guard. Nought knew he of fear.
At the gates he firmly stood
As a Roman sentry should;
And died without a tear.

Thicker and thicker the ashes fell; and with them roasted rocks:
And the streets began to rattle,
Just as if there were a battle;
All from the earthquake shocks.

For eight long days this remarkable rain came pouring heavy and keen;
And when it stopped at last,
And the whole affair was past
Pompeii couldn't be seen.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GRATITUDE.—We cannot refrain from expressing our thanks for the many compliments which we have received from the Press. When we receive such encouragement as has been given us, we feel truly grateful to those who, seeing the usefulness of our College Journal, thus kindly acknowledge it. Now and then, it is true, the criticisms are not entirely favorable; but we are even more thankful for these than for those which are all praise; for they show that our critics really see whatever good points we may possess. In our opinion many articles are honored by being criticised at all; whilst nothing is too good to have its faults pointed out by a good critic. Thanks, then, gentlemen of the Press, for your frank opinions; and be assured that we will try to benefit by your remarks. We have worked ever since our first establishment—and we hope that such endeavors may never cease—to show the world what the boys of the Pacific Coast, from every part of which we have representatives, can do in the way of contributing to, editing, publishing, and in short, to use a slang word, but a very expressive one, “running” a college magazine. We trust that we shall not appear to be praising ourselves when we tell you that we have readers, not only all over the

United States, but even in England and Canada. And we think that we, the “rising generation”, can safely assert, from the notices which prominent papers give us, that people in “civilized countries” begin to appreciate the fact that we are not all barbarous.

GUNPOWDER.—Owing to no fault of the author of the series of three articles, one of which is yet to come, on “Gunpowder”, but to the inevitable force of peculiar circumstances, the third article—“Uses”—does not appear in the present number. We promise our readers, however, an interesting paper on the subject, next month.

TATTLING.—We thought that we must be very interesting young men, when we heard that there were people who took such a very great interest in us, the students of the College, as to note all our actions outside its walls, and report them to the officers of this institution. Before that, we had always considered it a maxim in every walk of life, that no man should take another's business into his hands without being asked. But during a residence here of four years, we never heard till the other day of a student's informing the officers of the College about the private affairs of another student. The

great world outside is composed of all sorts of people, and there must necessarily be, among them, a great many despicable ones, such as those referred to above; but it would be a great pity indeed, if students, living in such intimate relation as they necessarily must, should take advantage of what they thus find out about each other. If our students were to begin such a practice, and the College Authorities were to tolerate it, which we are morally certain they would not, just imagine what a miserable place this would be to live in! We have heard of seminaries for young ladies in which were tattlers; and we have heard and read about children's schools, in which the monitor system was in force, with much the same result. But even in them we never heard any good to come of it; and when *young men* descend to such babyish tricks it fills us with disgust. Come boys, let each of us mind his own business!

WHY do those who are so generous in giving extra prizes to students of the College, so seldom offer them for a competition purely literary? The fact is, that what may be called the literary subjects for competition have more of history in them than anything else. For example, take the last two prizes for verse. The one before the last was one that would naturally draw the young mind into a most horribly long narration of historical events.

And what was the result? One of the best of the "poems" was an interminably long affair in the driest kind of dry verses. The last subject for verse was better, though still historical; but this was only to be competed for by what is called the "Poetry Class," that is the Second Rhetoric; as though a First Rhetoric, a Logic and Metaphysics, or an Ethics man were entirely too high to stoop to such a thing as verse. The subject, however, elicited a very pretty copy of verses, in which was something that approached far nearer to true poetry than almost any college production we ever saw. But we think that if those who have the right were to give some simple poetical subject, there would be many more competitors and far better productions; and there are thousands of subjects naturally presented every day, which would draw forth more true poetry in two lines, than all those battles and sieges and such like subjects, of which we can only have comparatively obscure ideas, knowing nothing about them save through books.

FLOWERS.- We have received from Jas. Vick, in Rochester, N. Y., three bulbs of rare and beautiful flowers: the *lilium Thunbergianum grandiflorum*, the *lilium astrosanguineum* and the *Anemone Japonica alba*. They came in very good order through the mail; and our thanks are due to Mr. Vick.

OWLETS.—We are grateful to you for your perseverance in industry. We would recommend all, however, and especially those in the lower classes to avoid, *generally*, long articles. We have always noticed that short articles by young students are read with much more pleasure than long ones. And the fact is that when you write, say only one page of foolscap, you can devote far more time to correcting and elaborating it—to putting the polish on it, in short—than if you had written thrice the quantity; and if you follow this plan till you come to be full-grown owls, we are almost sure that you will then write articles worthy of any magazine in the land. But always keep in mind that beauty in writing does not consist in making your articles long. Also remember that notwithstanding we may not accept all of your pieces, you may, by persevering in hard work, make yourselves almost anything, in the literary way;—except indeed, good poets. And you can even attain to that, in the eyes of some people; for any man who has a moderate amount of learning, may, by continued efforts, become a very smooth versifier. And who knows but that one of our little owlets may, when he graduates, years hence, discover to the world a *poet* from Santa Clara College?

But poetry is not our theme just now.

Do you know, little ones, that

there are very few people in this wide world who can *write English*? Yet, if you will persevere, every one of you will be able to do it. The best way to learn is by reading well and by practice; and the best way to practice is to follow the advice of your teachers. If, however, they leave the *length* of a composition to your own choice, write one page, and do as much work on that one page as you have perhaps done before on a dozen. Correct it, and recorrect it; and then make another copy. Then lay this clean copy aside till you forget—if you can—every word that you wrote; then take it again; and we assure you, that even if you are a young Dickens (we mean the author of that name) or a sprouting Shakespeare, you will find plenty to correct. Correct it carefully; and then prepare a final clean copy for your teacher. If he does not praise it, or give you a better mark than usual, call on us and we will treat you to pies. But remember, you must show us all the copies and corrections you made, for a security that you have really worked hard; otherwise, *no* pies. However, if this advice from those but little older than yourselves differ from the precepts of your instructors, do not follow it. We do not intend to lay down the law. Do exactly what your teachers tell you; and in this, as in all other things, you will surely be right.

IDLE NOTES.

THERE have been five gold medals offered as extra prizes this session. The first is for the best essay on the question: "Was the Suppression of the Knights Templars Justifiable?" those in classes higher than the First Rhetoric not being allowed to compete. The second is for the best essay on "The Magnetic Forces and their Applications." The third is for the best assay of silver ore; and the fourth and fifth for solutions of problems in mathematics and arithmetic. A great number of our students have entered their names on the competitors' lists, and are now busily at work.

THE glorious old days of '49! How suggestive are their memories! How interesting are any objects that bring them to mind! Some adventurous spirits have located a claim beside the pump in the play-ground, and are busily engaged in the exciting work of panning-out. How much gold dust they have succeeded in collecting we do not know; some half-dozen particles of a shining

substance (we hope it is not mica) have been shown to us; but they did not strike us very forcibly as being the material necessary to create an excitement. We hope by next month to be able to throw some light on this *precious* subject.

WE have received an invitation to a Grand Concert which will be given, under the auspices of the Philhistorian Society, in the College Hall, on the 13th of May next. We express our decided approval of this movement; for with the musical talent now in the College, the Entertainment cannot fail to be a great success.

THE class of Mental Philosophy, gave a sample of their learning, last "First Wednesday."

AT Easter, a few days of vacation were kindly granted to us by the President, and many went to spend them at home. The weather was beautiful, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the time.

THE epizootic "had business by the ear" lately, in this valley. The hum of traffic dwindled down to the merest whisper; and the clatter of hoofs upon the streets was of rare occurrence. The horse cars ran, or rather walked (to speak more correctly) only once an hour; and the few horses that were to be seen, appeared to be on their last legs. In the livery stables, all the horses were afflicted; but from what we hear, they are now doing well. We visited one of these establishments, in San Jose, a few days ago, and found the whole place changed into an infirmary. The animals stood blanket-ed in their stalls, and at times their distressing coughs were quite painful to hear. We hope this scourge will soon depart from amongst us.

THE swimming pond has been drained, cleaned, and refilled, and we hope to be able in a few days to bathe in its waters.

ABOUT a week ago we had the pleasure of seeing a number of the old students here in the College. It is always pleasant to meet again the chums and classmates of former years; and we wish they would make such visits oftener.

OUR "poets" appear to be holding high carnival now-a-days, if one may judge from the amount of foolscap they succeed in covering with their verses. It is quite a di-

version sometimes to turn around in one's seat, in the Study Hall, and witness their *modus operandi*. At first they sit perfectly rigid, with their eyes fixed on the moon, a star, a dried rose-bud, the stove-pipe, or any other romantic object that happens to be "convenient." The length of this preliminary stage, varies in different subjects. In some it lasts only five minutes, while with others it continues for more than an hour. It invariably ends, however, with a start, a grab at the pen, and a rhyming dictionary. The inspiration is then upon them: their eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," glance "from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven;" their hair rises like the fur on the cat's back, and the melodious (?) feet run quickly, one after the other, till the bell rings, or the work is done. Verily we may say, "Oh! what a piece of work is man,"—especially when he turns to writing verses!

MOST beautiful do our playgrounds appear at the present season. The blossoms of the locust trees, hang in profusion among the green leaves, and their fragrance is wafted by the breezes even into our sombre *owlish* sanctum. The grass is not yet withered on the ground; and on it sport numbers of little birds of various kinds. In fact, to be brief, everything looks as merry and happy as heart could wish.

THE mumps have been closing the mouths of numbers of the little fellows, for some time past. Considering that this disease is not dangerous, we are inclined to believe that, in some cases, it is a blessing.

WAS there ever such a barbarous invention as the game called "pewee", now so popular in this College? For the benefit of those of our readers who may never have heard of it, we will say that it consists in batting around, with a tree, a cord of wood sharpened at both ends. Of course this latter instrument is well adapted to kill instantly, whenever in its headlong flight, it hits living matter. At the very least it can scarcely fail to leave behind it a wound like that which would be produced by an Indian war-club in the hands of Charles Martel. The other day one of these messengers of death swooped down within about an inch of the Idle Notist's head; and for a moment he was inclined to believe that either the tower or a meteor had fallen. For goodness sake, youngsters, reduce the size of your infernal machines; for the *public* good, if not for your own.

ON Thursday evening, April 24, the members of our Editorial Board were present at the annual banquet of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, held in the dining hall of the College. We enjoyed ourselves extremely throughout the

evening; eating with pleasure of the good things spread before us; listening with pleasure to the various toasts that were proposed and responded to; and entering with pleasure into the amusements which followed the repast. The whole affair was a decided success.

A LITTLE bird has told us that the class of Analytical Chemistry meditates a visit, for the purpose of scientific research, to the New Almaden mines. If this is so, we hope the gentlemen who compose this class, will give us an article upon their discoveries; which will without doubt be interesting to our readers.

OUR annual picnic, we understand, will take place this year, on the third, instead of the first Thursday of May, as is usual. Owing to unavoidable circumstances the grounds cannot be secured for an earlier date.

A CERTAIN person in this College had a tooth that afflicted him with perpetual tortures. Of course he had a particular animosity towards the cruel "dental"; and accordingly he took revenge upon it in a very effective, scientific and unique manner. First he went to a dentist and had it extracted: then he plunged it into concentrated hydrochloric acid and dissolved it; and finally he precipitated it from the solution, and threw it

into the furnace. We are inclined to believe that the tooth had the worst of it.

THE Sodality of the Holy Angels had its Annual Banquet on Tuesday evening, April 29th. Its members—all Junior boys—evidently enjoyed themselves, for they made more noise, after their adjournment to the Recreation Room, than the master of the mammoth bass drum at the Peace Jubilee.

WE have our share of the Modoc excitement here in the College, and as we go to press the feeling seems to be increasing. If something is not done soon, we shall have to take our muskets from the armory, and show the United States how to whip a handful of Indians.

WE have a gentleman here who wishes to study the E sharp cornet. It is hardly necessary to add that he is not very brilliant.

WE have received an invitation to the Grand Annual of the Philathetic Literary Society of this College, to take place on Wednesday evening, the 7th May. If we may judge from the success these Entertainments have met with in past years, we predict a most pleasant

evening to those who shall be present.

ON Holy Thursday, while the greater part of our students were passing the Easter vacation at home, Mr. Francis Leonard, a Scholastic of the Society of Jesus, and also one of our Professors, departed this life, here at the College. He died calmly and simply as an infant, with the name of the Savior on his lips. On the following Saturday the Office for the Dead was recited for the repose of his soul; and in the afternoon the Fathers, together with all the students then at the College, followed his body to the grave. Thus one more of our little community has gone to his Maker; and many are the sorrowing friends that mourn his loss. The class-room in which he taught seems desolate without him; and the absence of his cheerful voice creates a void in our hearts which it will take a long time to fill. Mr. Leonard was once the President of the OWL Association, and therefore we its editors regret his loss in a more particular manner, if such could be. May he rest in peace!

REV. F.R. CICHU, will conduct the Month-of-May Exercises, this year.

OLIO.

TWO of our friends met at the scales a few days ago, and proposed weighing each other. They did so; and one of them remarked that he had lost five pounds. "Ah," replied the other, who is a student in music, "You have been tried in the *scales* and found wanting!"

While walking through the playground a few days ago, our attention was attracted by a loud noise issuing from the throats of two of the students. Seeing that they were about to come to blows, and thinking that we might have the chance to act the part of peace-maker, we proceeded to the spot, and arrived just in time to prevent the shedding of blood. After the broil was all over, we asked the larger of the combatants (who by the way was no less a personage than "our corpulent friend") what the fuss was all about. He informed us "that he could stand almost any amount of fooling, but that little fellow had called him a scalene parallelopipedon; and that was too much for any one to put up with."

It has been discovered lately that George Washington was a mean-spirited youth. They say now that instead of acknowledging that he cut that famous tree, he laid the blame on his cousin whose name was Isaac. Washington said, when asked by his father who cut the tree, "I can not tell a lie, sir. Ike cut it, with my little hatchet."

A young naturalist wants to know whether the young of the seal is called cygnets. We can't say. We always use adhesive envelopes.

Why is love like a Scotch plaid? Because it is all stuff, and is often crossed.

When may a man be said to make both ends meet? When he never opens his mouth without "putting his foot in it."

A Bachelor of Science camping out one night during an excursion, came upon the skeleton of a donkey. "How odd we look without flesh!" said he.

Last Wednesday evening we commenced, in the Chapel, the exercises of the Month of May. In the very first instruction we were advised to practice early rising, as an act of mortification. Now we claim that an exception ought to be made in this matter, in favor of the "Owls;" and we have surely good grounds for such a claim. If we sleep a little late in the morn-

ing, it must be remembered that nature has made the period of daylight our bed time, and that our feathered relatives of the outside world, remain in the land of nod *all day*.

Why is a poor drama like a horse that has the epizootic? Because it will neither run nor draw?

There was an *Ape* in the days that were earlier.
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier.
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist:
Then he was a *man* and a Positivist.

If you are pious, (mild form of insanity!)
Bow down and worship the *mass of humanity*.
Other religions are buried in mist:
"We are our own Gods," says the Positivist.

—M. Collins.

PERSONAL ITEMS

J. B. C. Smith, '73, who is in the leather business in San Francisco, is trying to retain the memories of days gone by. He is close to the *raw hides*.

T. Bergin, the first graduate of Santa Clara College, is one of the first among the lawyers of San Francisco.

W. Temple, '69, of base ball and military renown, is in the law school of Harvard.

Jos. F. McQuade is at home in San Francisco.

B. L. Burling, '73, and Julien Burling, '74, are at home in San Francisco.

A. Campbell, '73, is studying law in San Francisco.

Geo. Sedgeley '69, is doing splendidly in the tanning business, San Francisco.

H. J. Harrison, '73, is in business in San Francisco.

TABLE OF HONOR

Credits for the month of March as read on Wednesday, April 2d 1873.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

- 1st Class—R. Bowie 90, G. Bull 70, W. Cardwell 75, J. Coddington 100, W. Den 100, C. Ebner 100, H. Martin 100, V. C. McClatchy 100, T. Morrison 100, L. Palmer 95.
 2d Class—A. Bell 70, H. Bowie 100, M. Donahue 100, Jas. Enright 100, D. Furlong 100, J. Machado 95, C. McClatchy 75, J. Nichol 100, A. Pierotich 75, N. Robles 70, G. Seifert 100, E. Sheridan 100, J. Smith 100, P. Soto 100, H. Welsh 100, J. Walsh 100, B. Yorba 100.
 3d Class—J. Barrenechea 70, J. Eldridge 70, S. Sheridan 85.

ETHICS—M. Walsh 82.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

- A. Arguello 84, J. Carrigan 77, R. Del Valle 75, J. Dunne 70, F. McCusker 100, H. Peyton 77, L. Pinard 76, J. Poujade 75.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

- A. Arguello 76, G. Bull 72, N. Del Valle 80, F. McCusker 80, H. Peyton 74, J. Smith 70, A. Veuve 79, N. Brisac 70.

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.

- A. Veuve 84, R. Del Valle 75, H. Peyton 84, F. McCusker 75.

ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

- A. Arguello 89, N. Brisac 95, G. Bull 70, B. Smith 93.

MATHEMATICS.

- 2d Class—F. McCusker 100, C. Ebner 80, V. McClatchy 100, R. Del Valle 95, G. Bull 90, W. Cardwell 95, J. Poujade 100.
 3d Class—A. Bell 95, N. Brisac 80, C. Friedlander 100, W. Gray 100, B. Smith 100, R. Smith 100, G. Winston 99.

LATIN.

- 1st Class—R. Bowie 70, M. Walsh 80, C. Friedlander 70.
 3d Class—W. Cardwell 80, C. Ebner 78, T. Morrison 79, J. Poujade 77, L. Winston 85.
 4th Class—V. McClatchy 78, A. Veuve 75.
 5th Class—W. Davis 80, J. Dunne 70, S. Fellom 90, D. Furlong 70, J. Walsh 78, B. Yorba 95.

GREEK.

- 1st Class—M. Walsh 80.
 2d Class—R. Bowie 70.
 3d Class—C. Friedlander 75, J. Poujade 71.
 4th Class—T. Morrison 70, A. Veuve 80, G. Winston 79.
 5th Class—W. Davis 92, S. Fellom 92, B. Yorba 70, J. Walsh 75.

RHETORIC.

- 1st Class—V. McClatchy 93, A. Veuve 100.
 2d Class—W. Cardwell 82, J. Coddington 74, S. Fellom 70, C. Friedlander 76, D. Furlong 81, T. Morrison 82, B. Smith 99, L. Winston 88.

GRAMMAR.

- 1st Class—J. Walsh 90, B. Yorba 90, L. Palmer 90, J. Machado 82, G. Roundey 80, A. Bell 80, D. Oreña 76, J. Callaghan 75, H. Bowie 75, C. Stonesifer 73, R. Wallace 70.
 2d Class—J. Aguirre 87, J. Barrenechea 77, W. Davis 94, R. Enright 70, C. Georget 70, P. Mallon 70, G. Norris 84, J. Smith 93, H. Welsh 83.
 3d Class—F. Chavez 70, J. Chavez 75, J. De la Cruz 75, C. Floed 75, T. Hanley 70, G. Hopkins 70, R. Kifer 70, G. Markham 70, J. Sanchez 70, E. Sheridan 85, L. Shinn 97, L. Pruzzo 70, S. Sheridan 80.

FRENCH.

- 1st Class—N. Brisac 70, G. Bull 70, C. Friedlander 75, C. Georget 100, H. Martin 70.
 2d Class—G. Norris 85, O. Oreña 82, D. Oreña 80, J. Perrier 80.
 3d Class—F. Chavez 95, J. Bernal 95, R. Oreña 86, S. Fellom 80, R. Spence 80, F. La Coste 71.

SPANISH.

- 1st Class—J. Aguirre 80, L. Camarillo 80, J. Callagan 80, W. Randall 70, N. Roble 75, P. Soto 80.
 3d Class—C. McClatchy 100, A. Pacheco 80, C. Stoneseifer 100, J. Ward 70.

GERMAN.

- J. Auzerais 90, J. Barrenechea 100, V. McClatchy 100.

ARITHMETIC.

- 1st Class—J. Bernal 75, J. Barrenechea 95, A. Bell 95, J. Callaghan 80, J. Chavez 95, D. Furlong 70, J. Machado 98, A. McCone 94, L. Palmer 90, N. Robles 70, G. Roundey 100, J. Walsh 72, R. Wallace 70, B. Yorba 100.
 2d Class—D. Oreña 100, J. Smith 100, R. Enright 100, J. Enright 94, G. Norris 88, H. Walsh 100, C. Floed 90, P. Mallon 76, L. Oreña 82, J. Cole 72, J. San Roman 78, C. Stonesifer 76, J. Aguirre 73, W. Randall 70, J. Nichol 70, A. Pierotich 75, D. Kidd 73, H. Bowie 70, J. Eldriedge 70, R. Kifer 70, Alph. Den 75, M. Donaghue 74.
 3d Class—E. Auzerais 85, F. Chavez 70, F. La Coste 70, J. Norris 70, S. Sheridan 75, L. Shinn 70, G. Trenouget 95, C. Welti 90.

BOOK-KEEPING.

- 1st Class—S. Fellom 75, V. McClatchy 95, P. Soto 97.
 2d Class—A. Bell 100, N. Brisac 70, H. Bowie 100, A. Den 70, C. Ebner 99, C. Gambill 75, H. Martin 70, A. McCone 75, T. Morrison 95, J. Nichol 70, A. Pierotich 95, G. Roundey 95, C. Stonesifer 70, J. Walsh 94, L. Winston 94, B. Yorba 70, N. Robles 70.
 3d Class—J. Aguirre 90, R. 70, E. Auzerais 82, J. Barrenechea 98, J. Callaghan, 100, J. Chavez 89, J. De la Cruz 89, R. Enright 79, C. Floed 100, W. Furman 91, A. Garresche 70, D. Kidd 100, C. McClatchy 98, J. Smith 70, R. Wallace 94, H. Welsh 100, C. Welti 100, R. Arguello 70.

READING AND SPELLING.

- 1st Class—J. R. Arguello 73, J. Cole 77, W. Furman 78, Alph. Den 71, Alfr. Den 74, R. Enright 80, C. Gambill 70, J. Perrier 75, A. Pierotich 72, N. Robles 74, G. H. Roundey 80, P. Mallon 80, A. McCone 72, R. Smith 71, J. Smith 80, H. Walsh 80, R. Spence 70, J. Nichol 74, R. Wallace 74.

- 2d Class—J. Aguirre 78, C. Arguello 70, J. Auzeais 95, J. Barrenechea 78, F. Chavez 90, J. Chavez 78, De la Guerra 80, J. Eldridge 70, J. Enright 80, F. Farmer 73, C. Floed 85, C. Georget 70, T. Hanley 79, G. Hopkins 74, D. Kidd 70, R. Kifer 70, E. McLaughlin 78, F. Moraes 71, G. Norris 80, J. Norris 72, L. Pruzzo 70, J. Sanchez 70, J. San Roman 87, L. Shinn 93, C. Welti 75.
- 3d Class—E. Auzeais 70, A. Bowie 70, F. Burling 75, J. De la Cruz 70, R. De la Vega 80, H. Downey 80, W. Gilbert 70, W. Hopkins 70, C. Moore 70, S. Sheridan 90, G. Markham 80, J. Donahue 90, T. Donahue 75, H. Farmer 90, T. Leahy 70, R. Serano 80, G. Shafer 70, J. Sullivan 70, G. Trenought 70.

ELOCUTION

- 1st Class—V. McClatchy 70, A. Veuve 70.
- 2d Class—W. Cardwell 70, S. Fellom 70, C. Friedlander 71, D. Furlong 85, T. Morrison 70, L. Winston 70.
- 3d Class—J. Walsh 90, D. Oreña 85, O. Oreña 70, R. Wallace 76, A. Bell 72, L. Palmer 72, J. Machado 70, J. Callaghan 82.
- 4th Class—J. Barrenechea 84, P. Mallon 70.
- 5th Class—J. Eldridge 70, R. Kifer 70, E. Sheridan 70, D. Harvey 90.

PENMANSHIP.

- 1st Class—J. R. Arguello 80, J. Barrenechea 94, J. Bernal 80, J. Callaghan 72, A. W. Den 94, J. Day 80, J. Machado 80, P. L. Malone 70, G. Norris 95, A. Pierotich 75, W. Randall 70, R. Remus 94, P. Soto 94, R. Spence 70, B. Yorba 90.
- 2d Class—J. Aguirre 75, J. Auzeais 85, L. R. Brenham 70, H. Bowic 70, L. Camarillo 75, J. Chavez 85, W. Cardwell 78, F. Chavez 70, J. Cole 75, B. Chretien 78, H. Christin 78, A. L. Den 92, W. Davis 70, R. Enright 85, G. Elemes 71, C. Floed 85, C. Friedlander 80, W. Furman 72, T. Hanley 85, E. Hall 78, G. Hopkins 72, D. Kidd 85, R. Kifer 74, A. McCone 78, J. Norris 100, J. Nichol 73, G. Roundey 75, J. Sanchez 70, C. Stonesifer 85, J. San Roman 81, E. Sheridan 85, R. Serrano 75, G. Trenought 80, J. Walsh 78, G. Winston 70, H. Walsh 73, C. Welti 72, M. Ylisaliturri 70.
- 3d Class—J. De la Cruz 73, D. Culkin 72, J. Eldridge 75, J. Enright 75, J. De la Guerra 70, J. Harvey 70, J. Hayes 70, F. La Coste 90, E. McLaughlin 78, G. Markham 80, G. Murphy 70, W. Meehan 73, J. Perrier 80, J. Pulsifer 72, L. Pruzzo 75, G. Seifert 80, J. Smith 73, S. Sheridan 70, L. Shinn 75, A. Spence 77, J. Versalovich 70, A. Young 70.

DRAWING.

- H. Bowie 80, F. Burling 70, G. Seifert 70, V. McClatchy 100, C. McClatchy 80, A. Pierotich 100, R. Remus 70, J. San Roman 70, P. Soto 70, V. Vidaurreta 70, P. Mallon 70, D. Harvey 70, A. Arriola 70.

PIANO.

- R. Bowie 90, C. Ebner 80, B. Smith 75, A. Arguello 75, A. Den 75, H. Bowie 75, W. Randall 75, Pruzzo 75, Gray 70, Shinn 70.

VIOLIN.

- J. Carrigan 90, W. Davis 75, R. Enright 85, T. Morrison 90, M. Donahue 70, D. Jones 70, P. Mallon 75.

BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

- C. Friedlander, 70, H. Peyton 70.

—O—

[Classes of the PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT are omitted.]

Highest number of credits given, 100. Recipients of 70 and over only mentioned.

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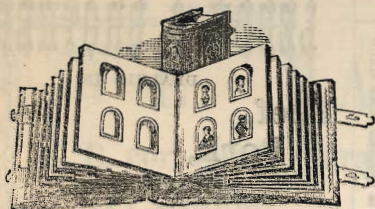
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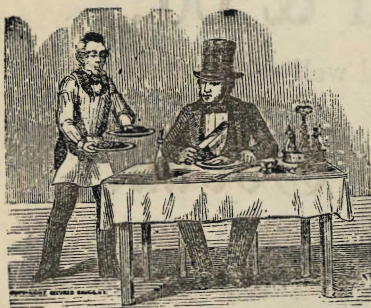
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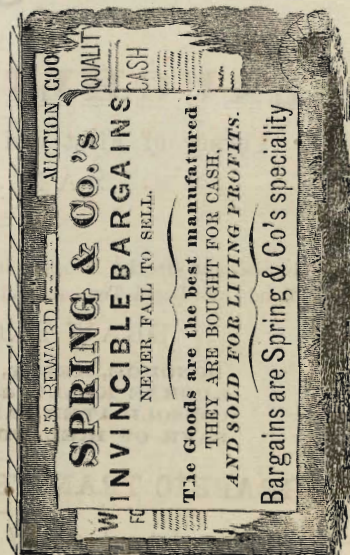
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